

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1905

FROM MOUNTAIN TO SEA, Through Land of Romance.



TO MOST people, the journey to Los Angeles from Salt Lake over the new Clark line will be like a voyage of discovery, there is so much about it of the unexpected and interesting. From an engineering and operating

standpoint the road is a marvel; but for the ordinary traveler there is an unending charm in the associations attached to the old southwestern trail to California—the romances, the tragedies, the epics of the heroic men who half a century ago traversed almost identically the same route in the face of dangers and disasters worthy the pen of another Virgil.

Possibly the Nevada desert is the least known and most fascinating part of the journey, yet from the very start at Salt Lake historical reminiscences of surpassing interest suggest themselves. By the new line, the traveler

leaves over the cut-off around the Oquirrh, passing Black Rock and Garfield, always associated with memories of the early pioneer days, past Stockton, a famous mining camp now rejuvenated; past, Eureka, Mammoth and the other Tintic camps which rank high in the storied annals of mining lore, passing on the way the old overland trail of the Pony Express across Rush valley.

Along Escalante's Pathway.

From Lynn Junction, where the new line joins the old rails leading down from Nephi and Juab, there is a stretch of nearly 165 miles of rail to the Utah-Nevada line, with less than ten miles of curved road, a percentage of tangent hardly equaled on the prairie lines and probably without a parallel in all the annals of mountain construction. Along this route, Escalante, the first of the Spanish missionary explorers, made his weary way across the state from Utah

lake in his search for the great river the Indians had said would take him to the Pacific. Across the then dreary waste which still bears his name, he made his way on the journey which began in July just after our forefathers declared their independence in 1776, and he persisted in his search until the Nevada mountains and sand barred his way and compelled him to retrace his steps. In the century and a quarter which have elapsed since his day, innumerable brave men have followed in his footsteps, some, like him, to falter when they reached the desert; others to persist and perish, and still others to continue in the face of incredible hardships until they won the golden goal of their dreams. Treasure seekers, the land-hungry, the restless spirits in search of adventure, cowboys and sheepmen, military scouts like Fremont, outlaws fleeing from justice—all have ventured this way, and the stories of their experiences, some of them still

treasured in the lore of the country, would make another liad. There is Oasis, with its springs; Black Rock with its phenomenal sulphur deposits, one of the few of its kind on the globe; Milford, so long the outpost of civilization at the end of railroad line, but historic for its early-day production of silver; Frisco, a name celebrated the country over as the home of the old Horn Silver, the mining miracle of its day, the mine that restored the fortunes of Jay Cooke, and lying almost within a stone's throw, the Cactus, a modern wonder that promises to win international celebrity as a copper producer.

In this same region, the plains sustain sheep by the hundred thousand, and Milford alone ships millions of pounds of wool annually. To the south lies the Dixie country, mild of climate,

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